

MARVEL  
**1**

TABOO  
B. EARL  
PHIL NOTO

# DAREDEVIL & ECHO



As a child, **Matt Murdock** lost his sight due to an accident involving radioactive chemicals. But that same accident caused his other senses to become heightened, and now Matt uses his extraordinary abilities to fight for justice as the vigilante **Daredevil**!

Born deaf, **Maya Lopez**, A.K.A. **Echo**, was raised by the criminal **Kingpin** after he murdered her father. Maya eventually rejected the Kingpin and became a super hero thanks to the photographic reflexes that allow her to duplicate any action that she has witnessed and make her an unparalleled hand-to-hand combatant.

Together, they are...

# DAREDEVIL & ECHO

TABOO &  
B. EARL

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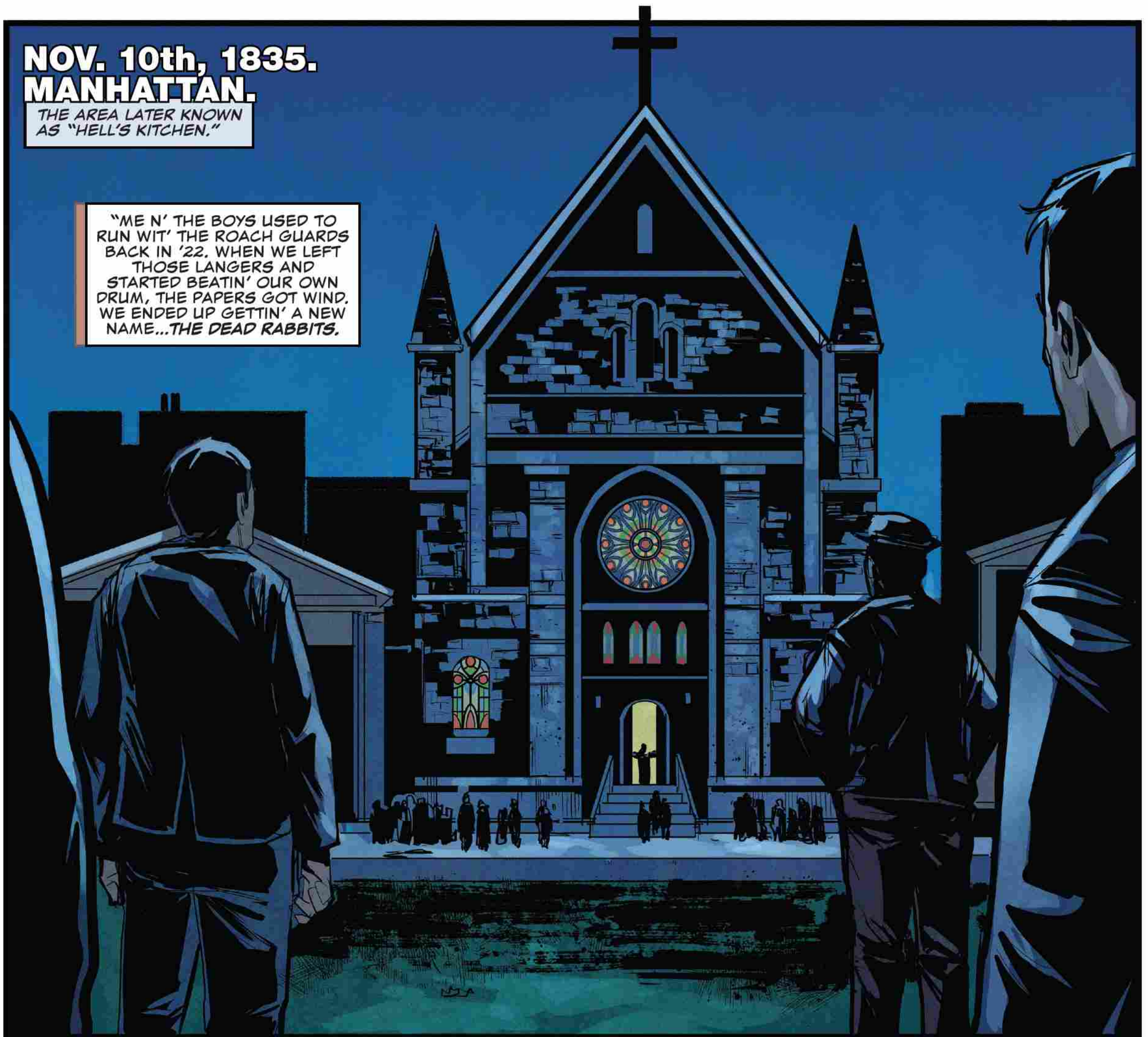
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**NOV. 10th, 1835.  
MANHATTAN.**

THE AREA LATER KNOWN  
AS "HELL'S KITCHEN."

"ME N' THE BOYS USED TO  
RUN WIT' THE ROACH GUARDS  
BACK IN '22. WHEN WE LEFT  
THOSE LANGERS AND  
STARTED BEATIN' OUR OWN  
DRUM, THE PAPERS GOT WIND.  
WE ENDED UP GETTIN' A NEW  
NAME...THE DEAD RABBITS."

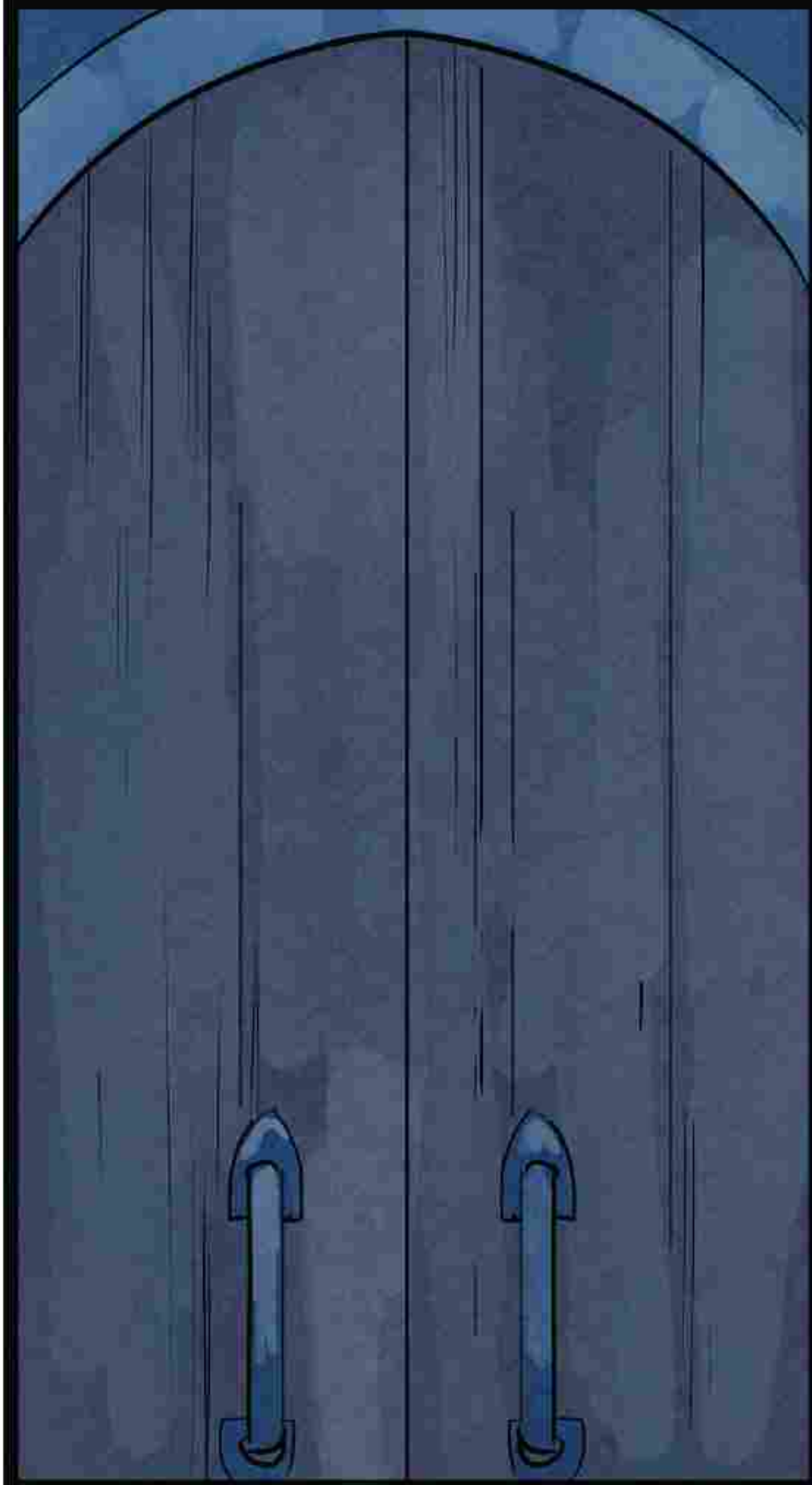
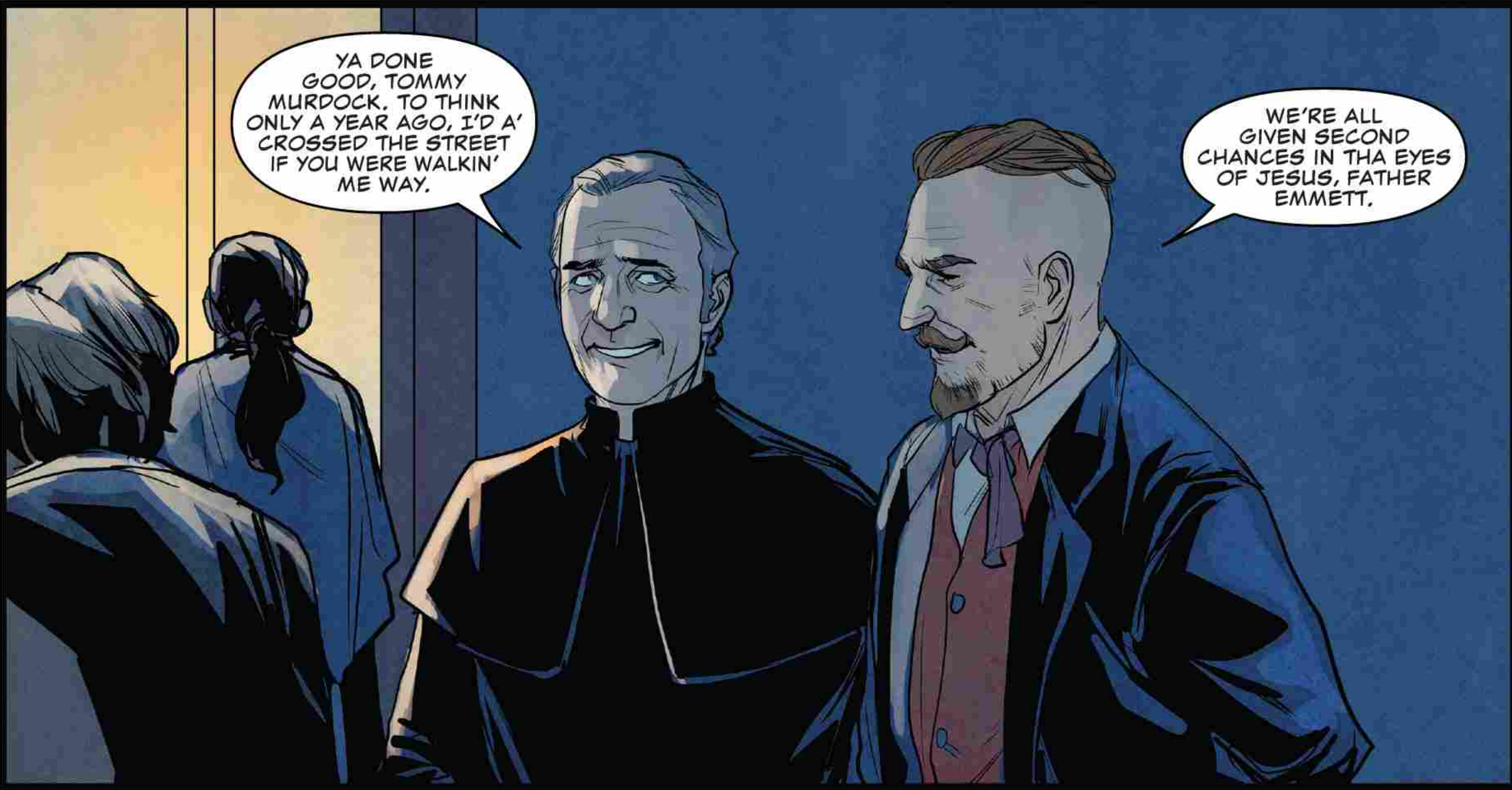


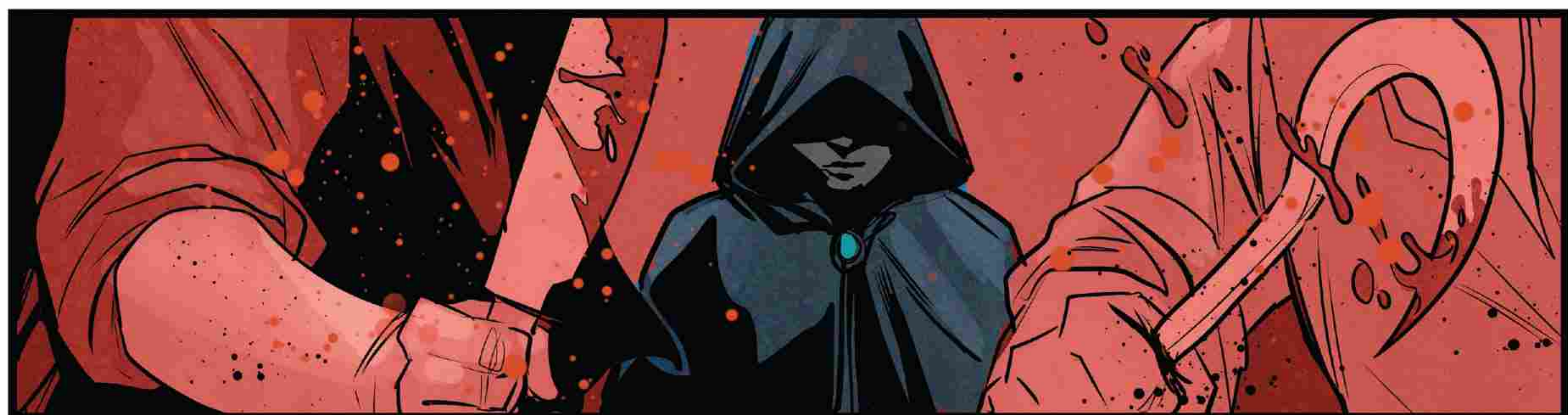
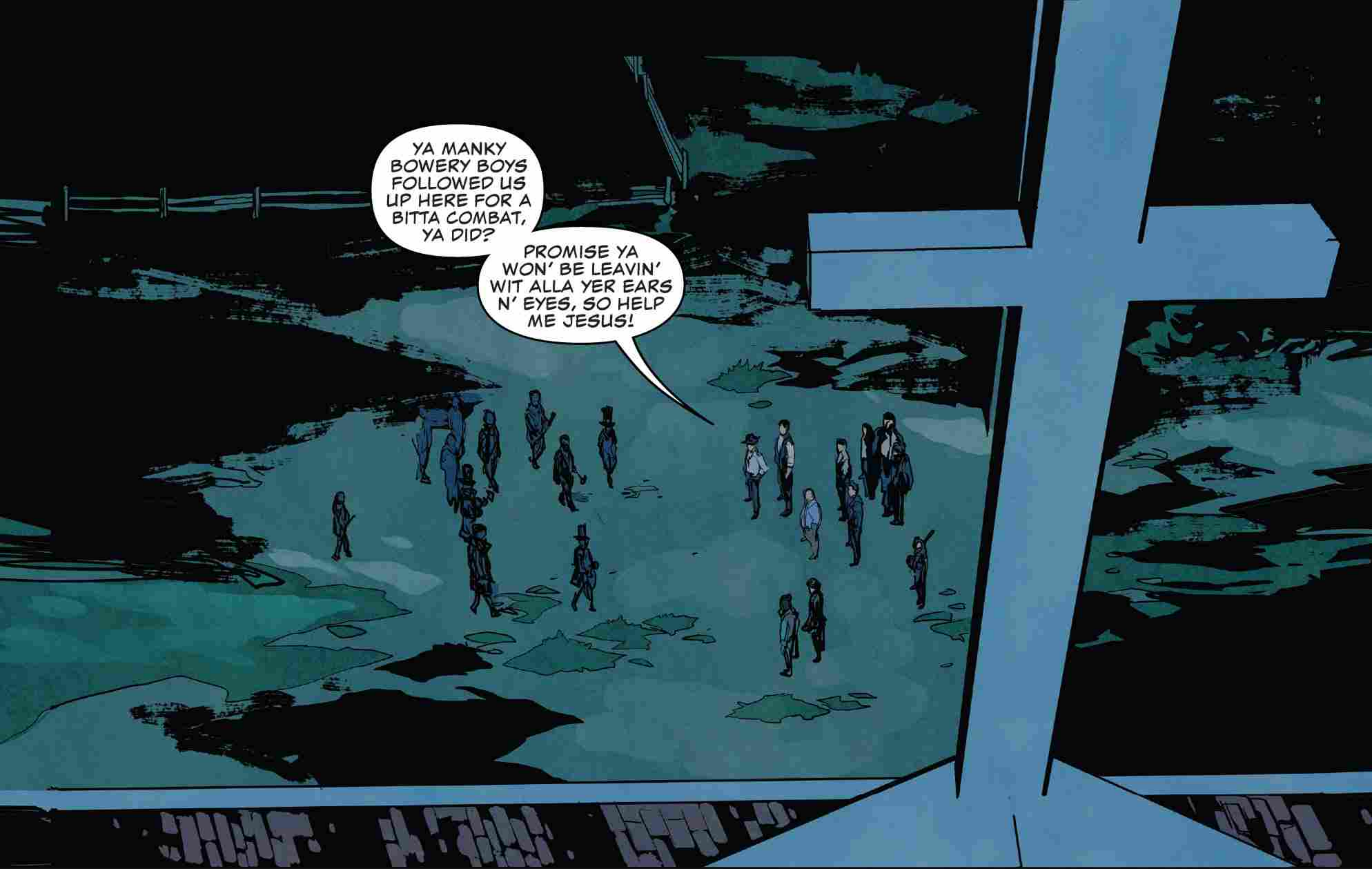
"BUT I GOT OUTTA THE FIVE  
POINTS. COULDN'T DEAL WITH ALL  
THE KILLIN' AND MAIMIN'. FOUND  
MESELF UP HERE WIT' GOD, I DID."



"ALL THE SUFFERING  
AT THE HANDS OF THE  
BOWERY BOYS AND NO  
END IN SIGHT. OUR WEE  
ONES NEEDED A SHINE  
'A HOPE. A PLACE TO  
GO AN' GET OUTTA THE  
DEVIL'S STREETS."







THE PRESENT.  
WEST 57th ST.  
(ALSO KNOWN AS HELL'S KITCHEN.)

Every street  
has a story.

Bricks caked in  
blood, then paved  
over with concrete.

Skulls buried  
deep in dirt,  
later sprouting  
great oak trees.

New York is a living,  
breathing *being*-a  
creature with a memory  
as deep and dark as the  
Mariana Trench.

Unfortunately,  
we've forgotten the  
scars burned into  
our torrid past.

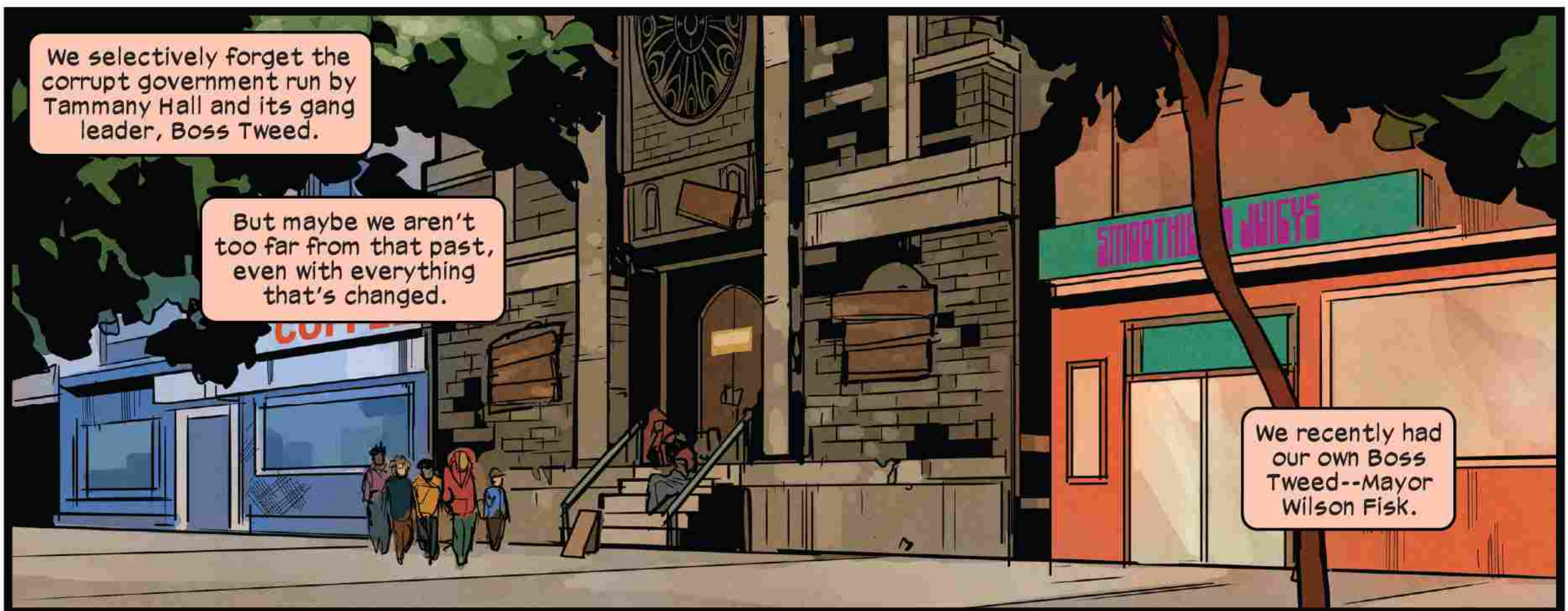




We bury it in Starbucks and Whole Foods, covering it in gentrification so we don't recall the time New York had a full-scale street war during the 1863 draft riots.



A time when bodies were dragged through the streets and strung up on lampposts.



We selectively forget the corrupt government run by Tammany Hall and its gang leader, Boss Tweed.

But maybe we aren't too far from that past, even with everything that's changed.

We recently had our own Boss Tweed--Mayor Wilson Fisk.



Seems to me we're doomed to repeat history over and over again until we get it right.



I CAN STILL SMELL THE GARBAGE THROUGH ALL THE PUMPKIN SPICE LATTES...



...AND UNDERNEATH THAT REEKS THE STENCH OF DEATH.

EVERY KITCHEN HAS ITS STENCH BURIED UNDER THE GOURMET PLATING. THIS KITCHEN'S NO DIFFERENT, ELEKTRA.

THEY EVER FIND THAT KILLER UP IN QUEENS? THE ONE WHO TOOK THE POUND OF FLESH?



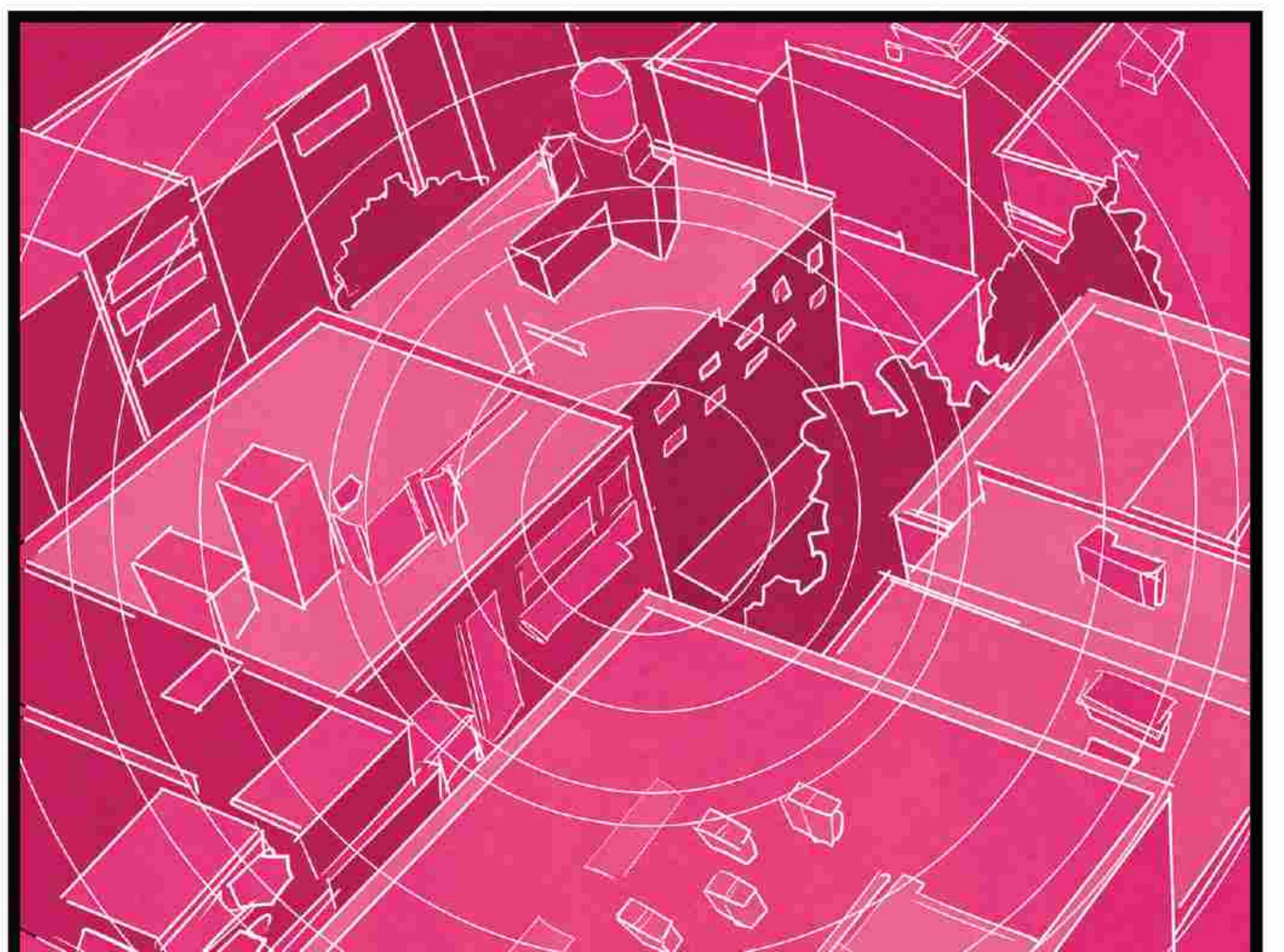
NO, BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER ONE IN THE BRONX. AND THIS VICTIM WAS COMPLETELY SKINNED.



I hear something odd among the hustle and bustle of the streets below. An irregular heartbeat coming from a young child.



As I tune into her heartbeat, a horrific scream from several blocks away breaks my concentration.





IT SOUNDED  
LIKE 45th  
AND 10th.

COULD  
BE ANOTHER  
ONE OF THOSE  
MURDERS.



«OH  
MY GOD!  
LOOK AWAY,  
LEOR. LOOK  
AWAY!»\*

\*TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN.



I THINK  
WE JUST FOUND  
A THIRD.



«WHO IS  
HE, MOMMA?  
DO YOU KNOW  
HIM?»



CAN  
YOU GET THE  
CIVILIANS OUT  
OF HERE,  
ELEKTRA?



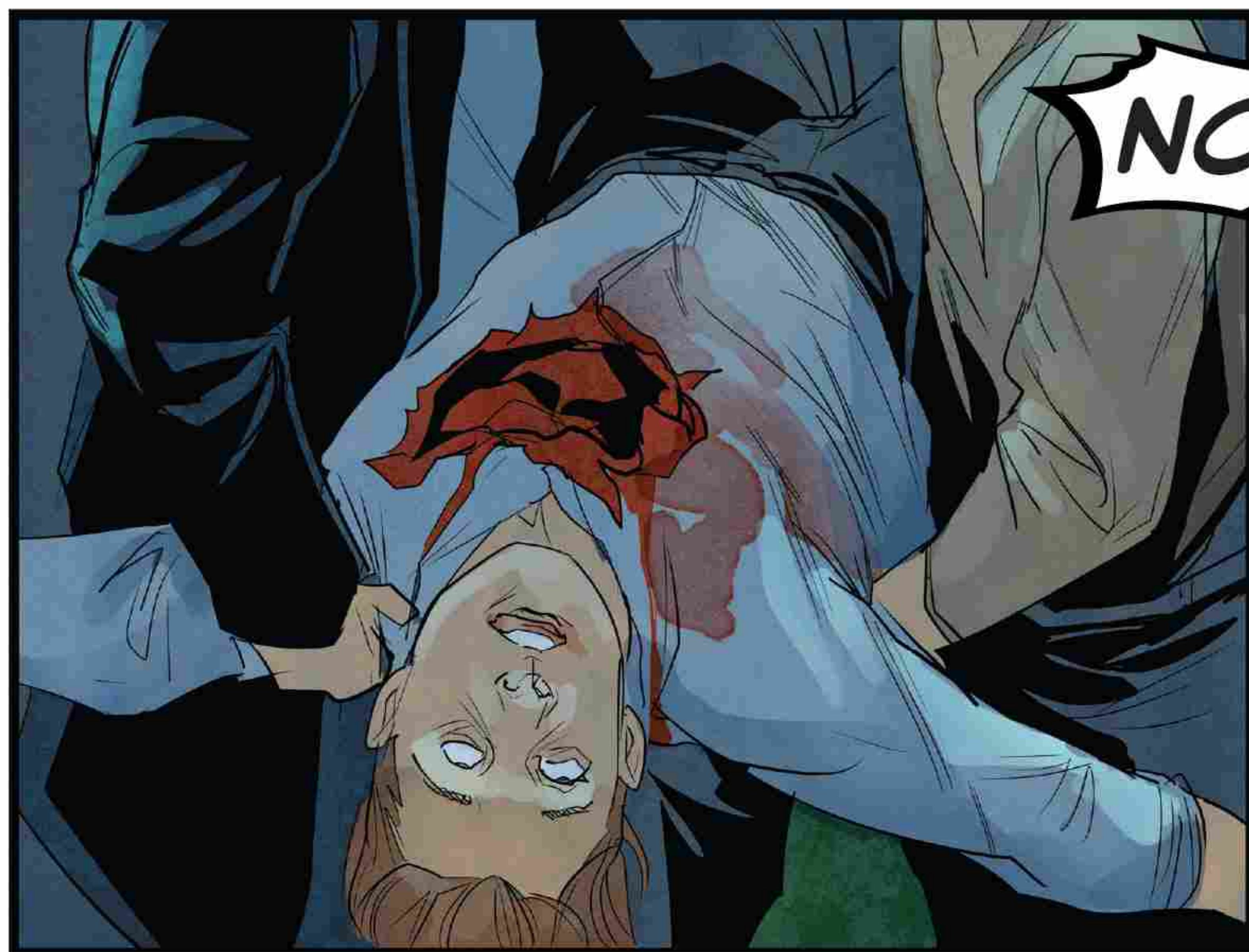


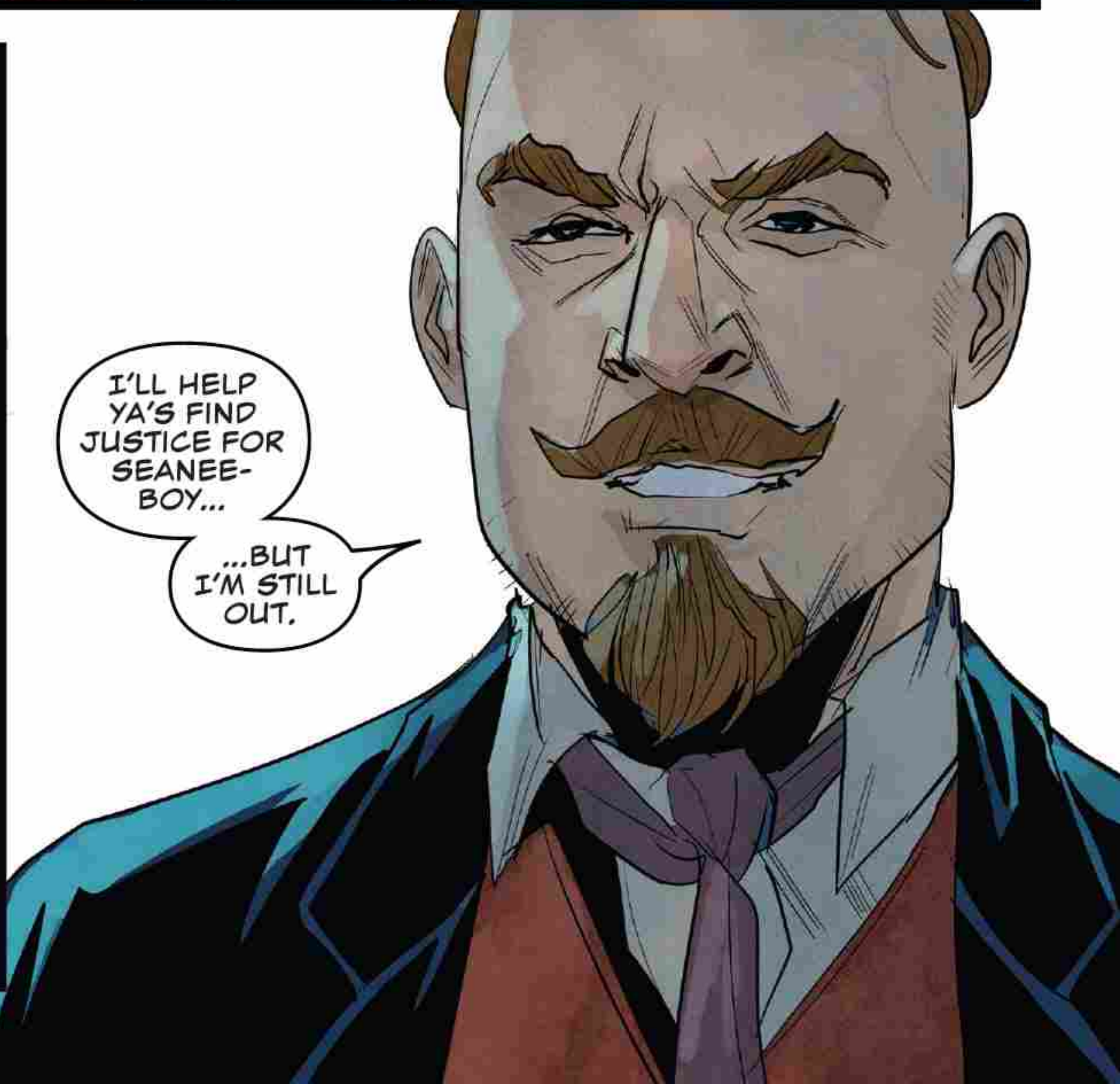
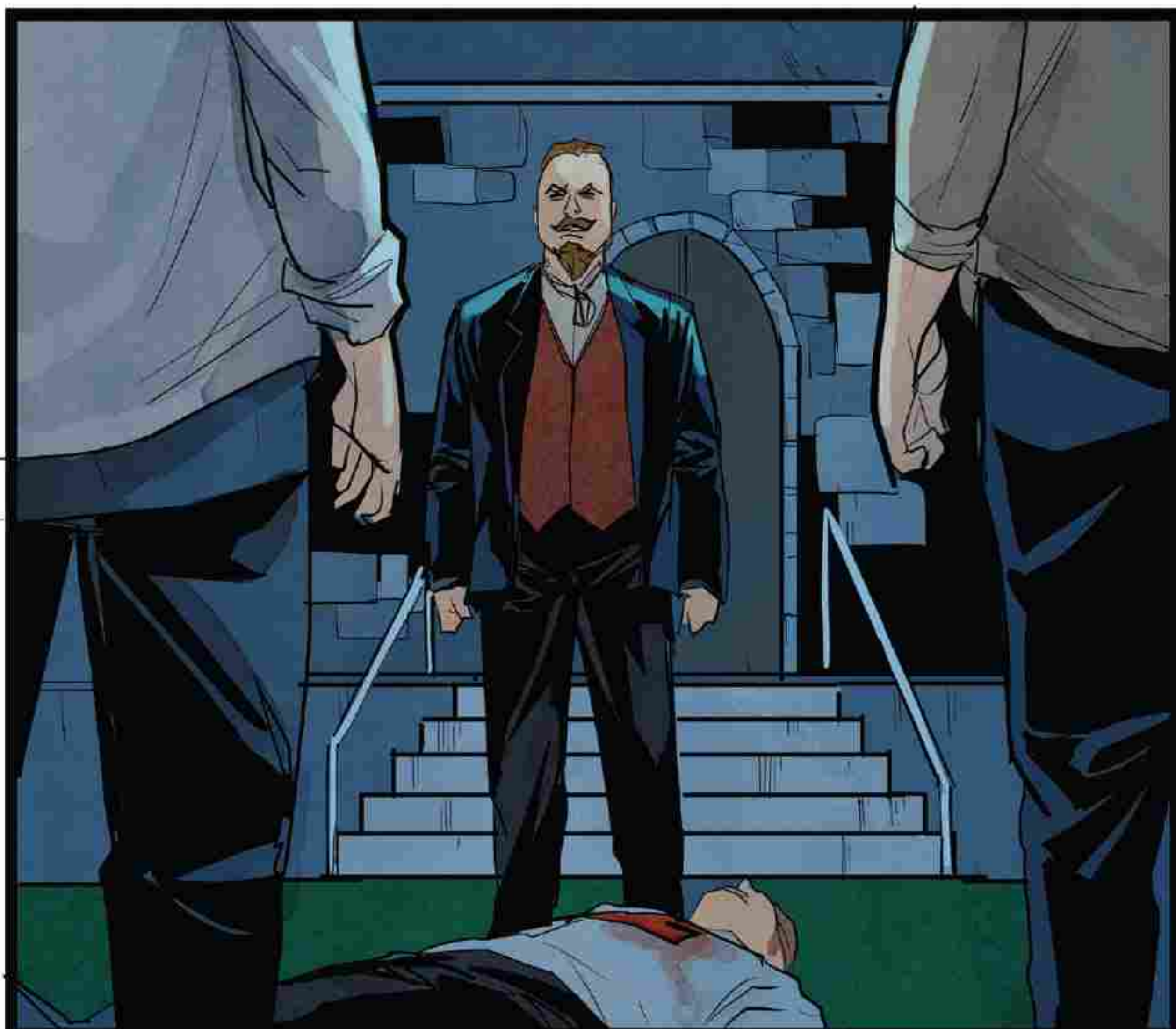
"I'LL MEET YOU  
BACK HOME."

**NOV. 11th, 1835.**  
**7:18 P.M.**

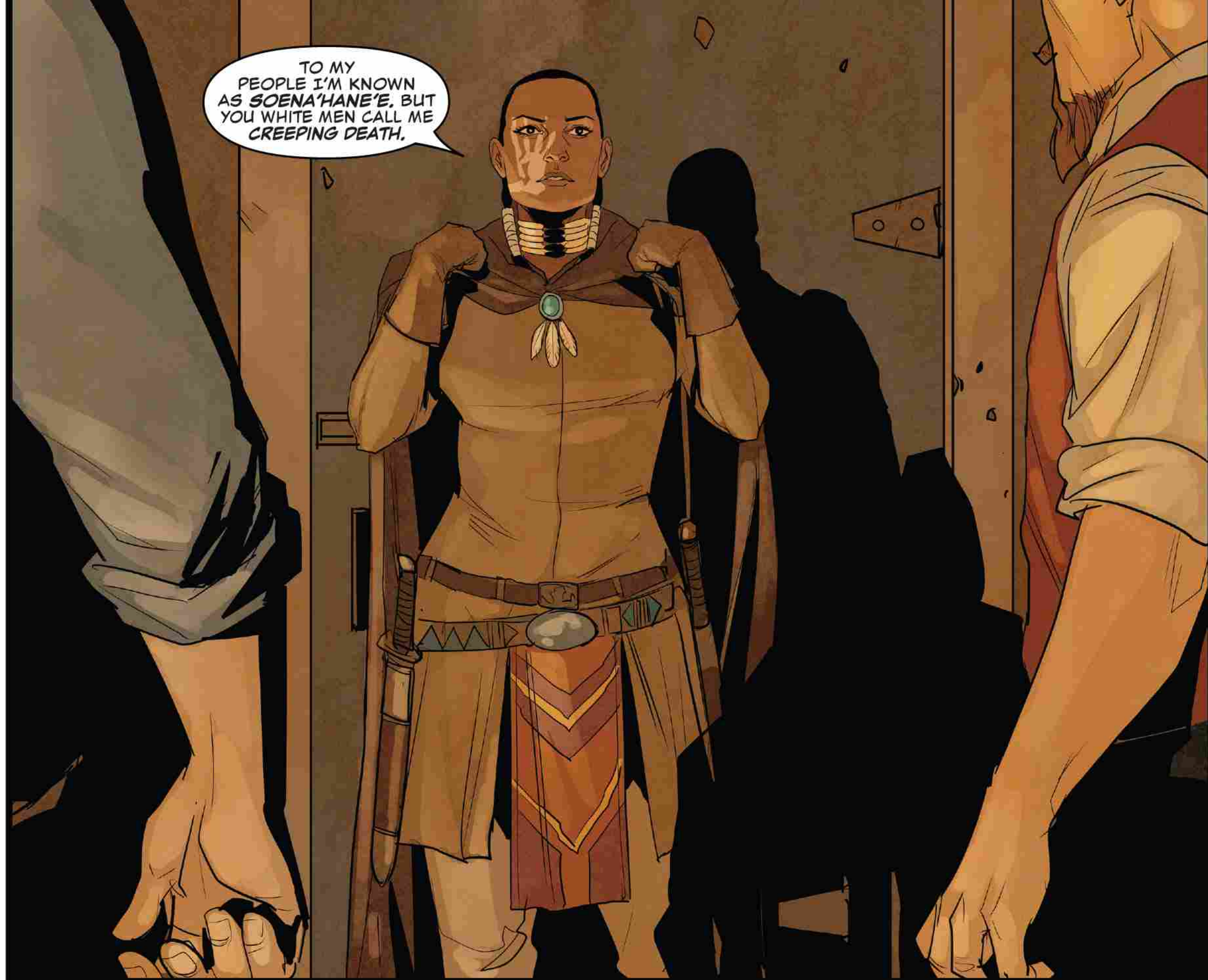
MURDOCK!











TO MY PEOPLE I'M KNOWN AS *SOENA'HANE'E*, BUT YOU WHITE MEN CALL ME *CREEPING DEATH*.



YER SUPPOSED TA BE DEAD! THEY BEEN PUSHIN' YOU INJUNS OFFA THA ISLAND FER THA PAST FORTY YEARS.

YEAH, I HEARD THA SAME. CREEPIN' DEATH WAS STRUNG UP 'CROSS THE RIVER AN' LEFT TA DIE.



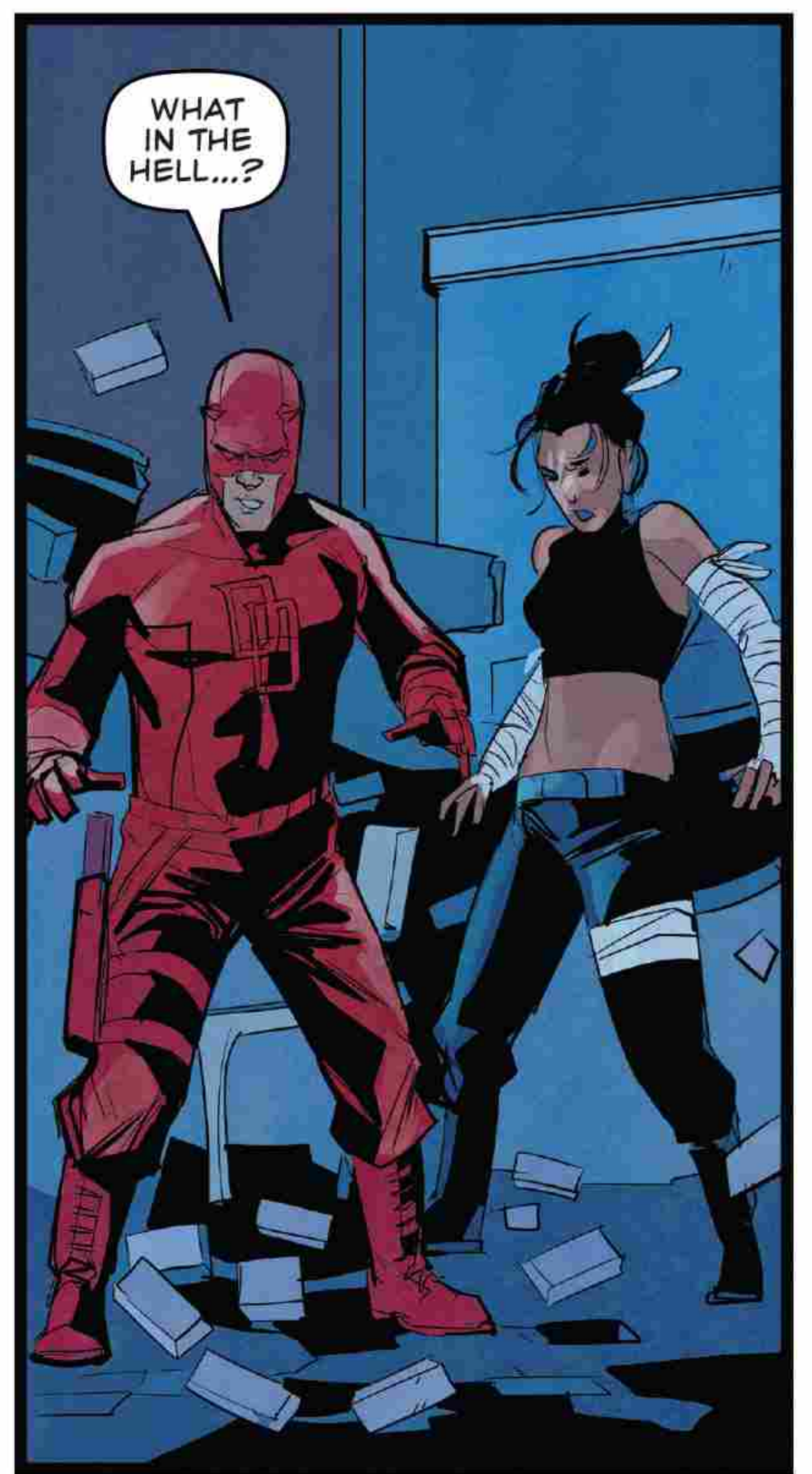
AS YOU CAN SEE, THAT'S A LIE. I'M ALIVE AND WELL...AND I HAVE INFORMATION THAT CAN HELP.

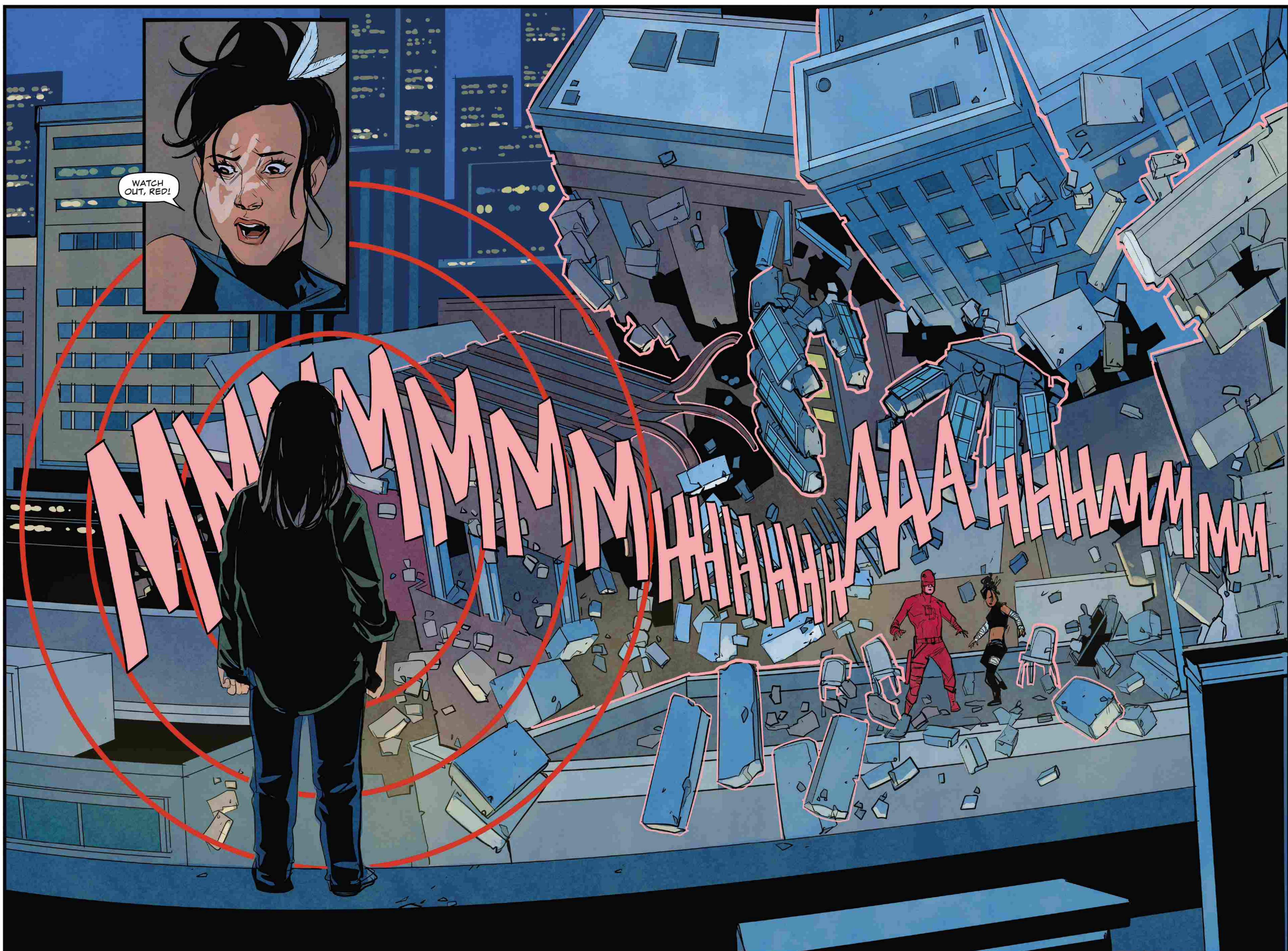


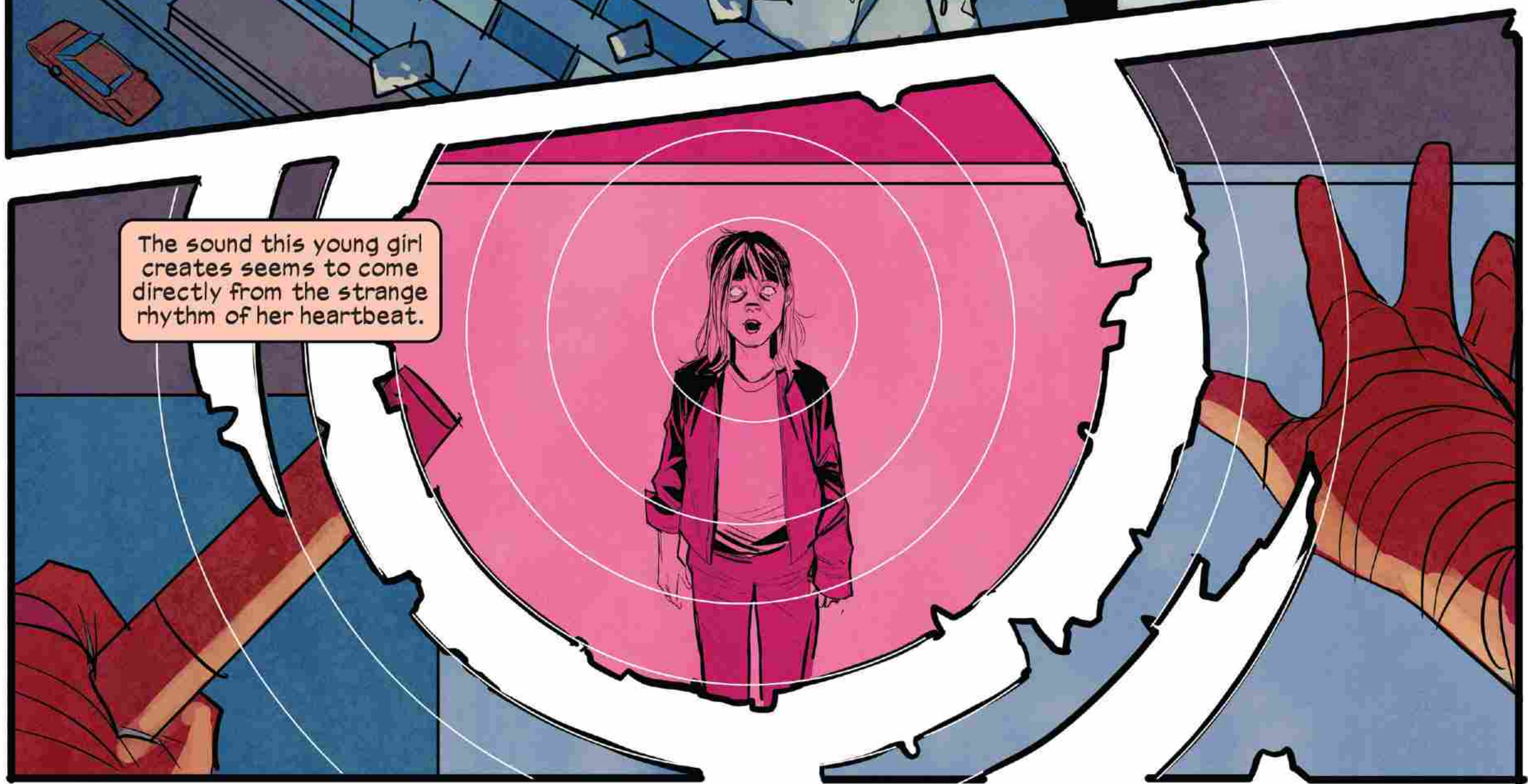
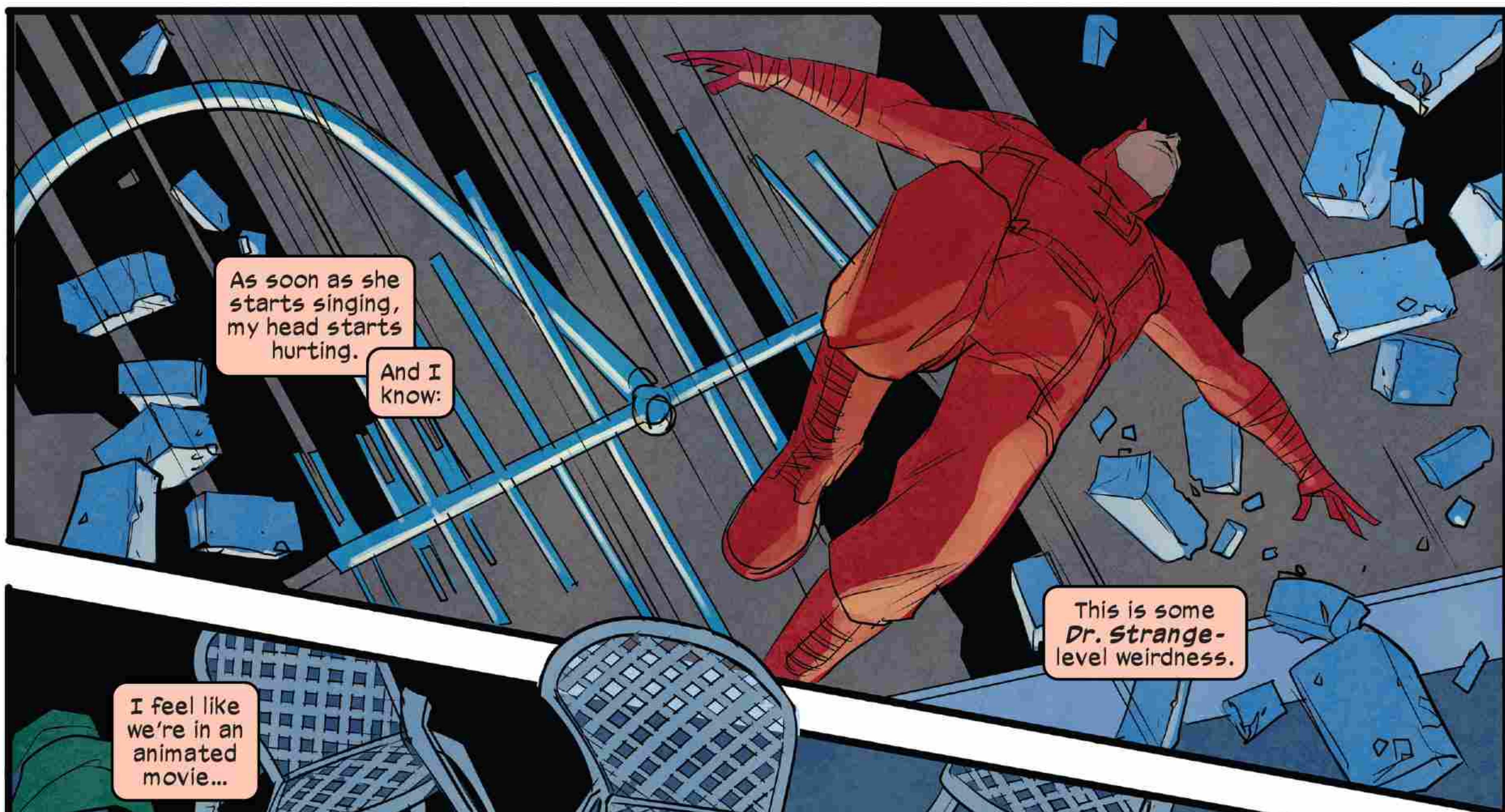
WHY D'YA WANNA HELP US?

BECAUSE IF THIS ANCIENT EVIL RETURNS, YOUR BLOOD FEUD WITH THE BOWERY BOYS WILL SEEM LIKE A SWIM IN THE OLD POND.

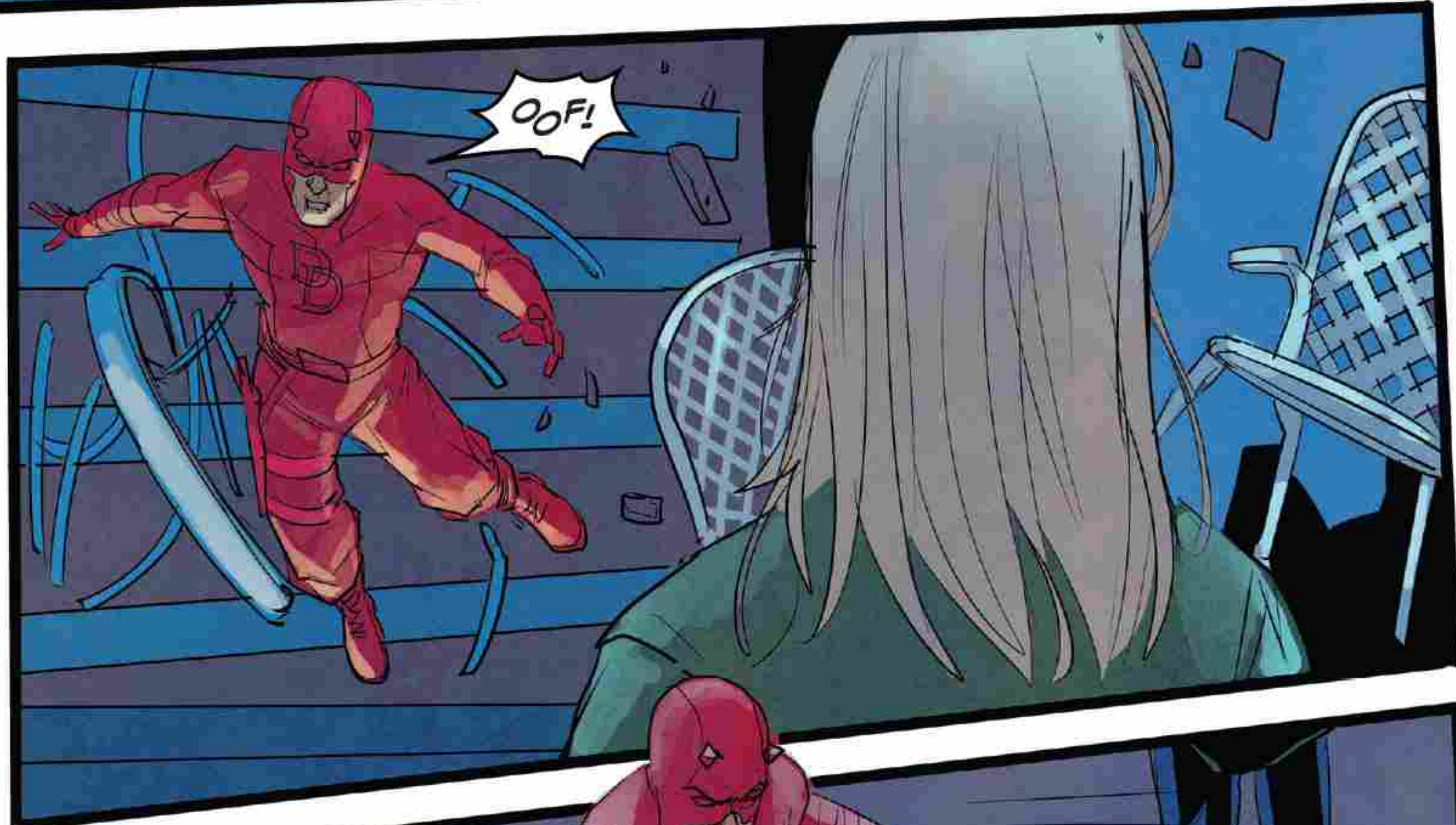
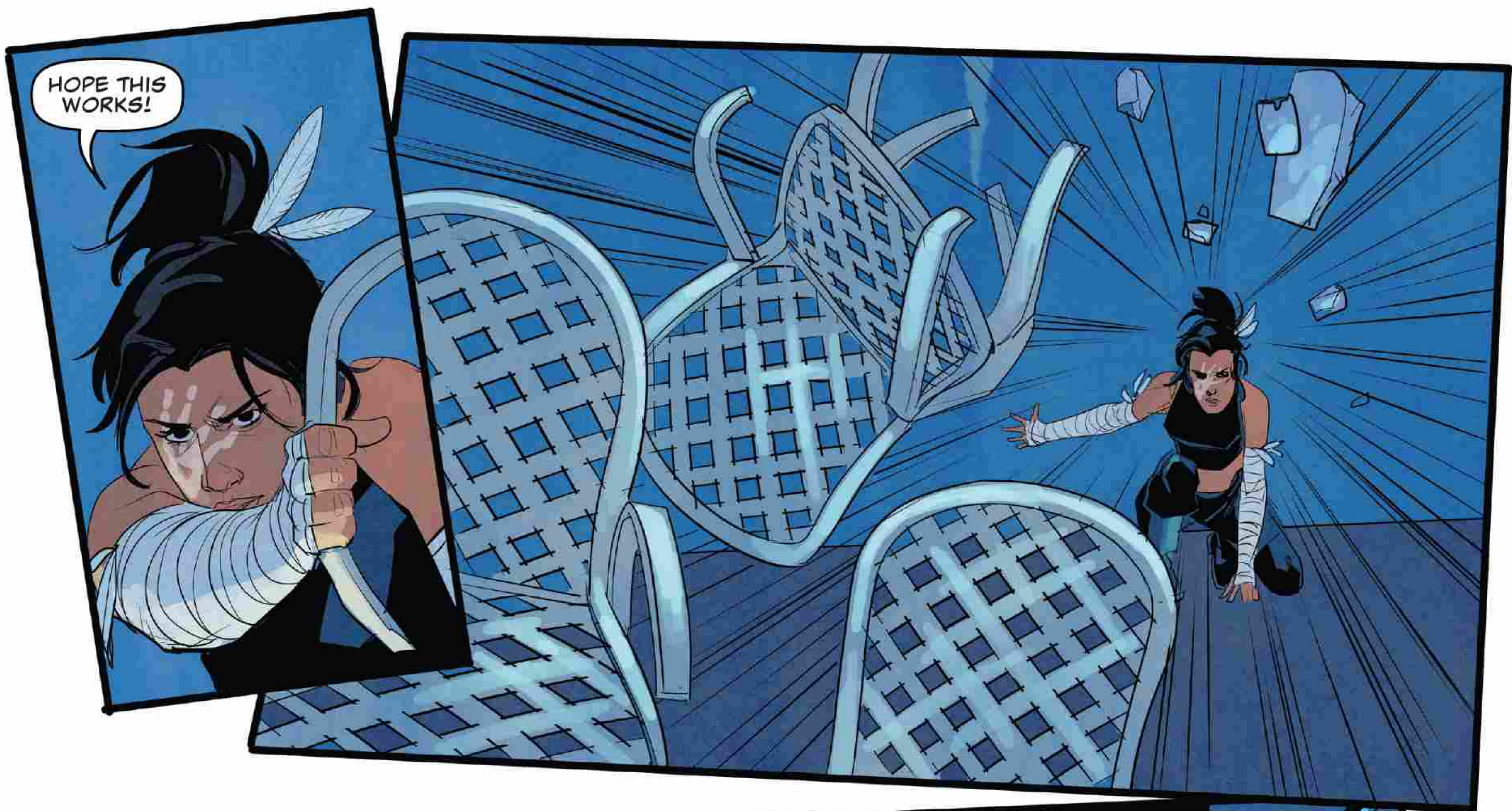


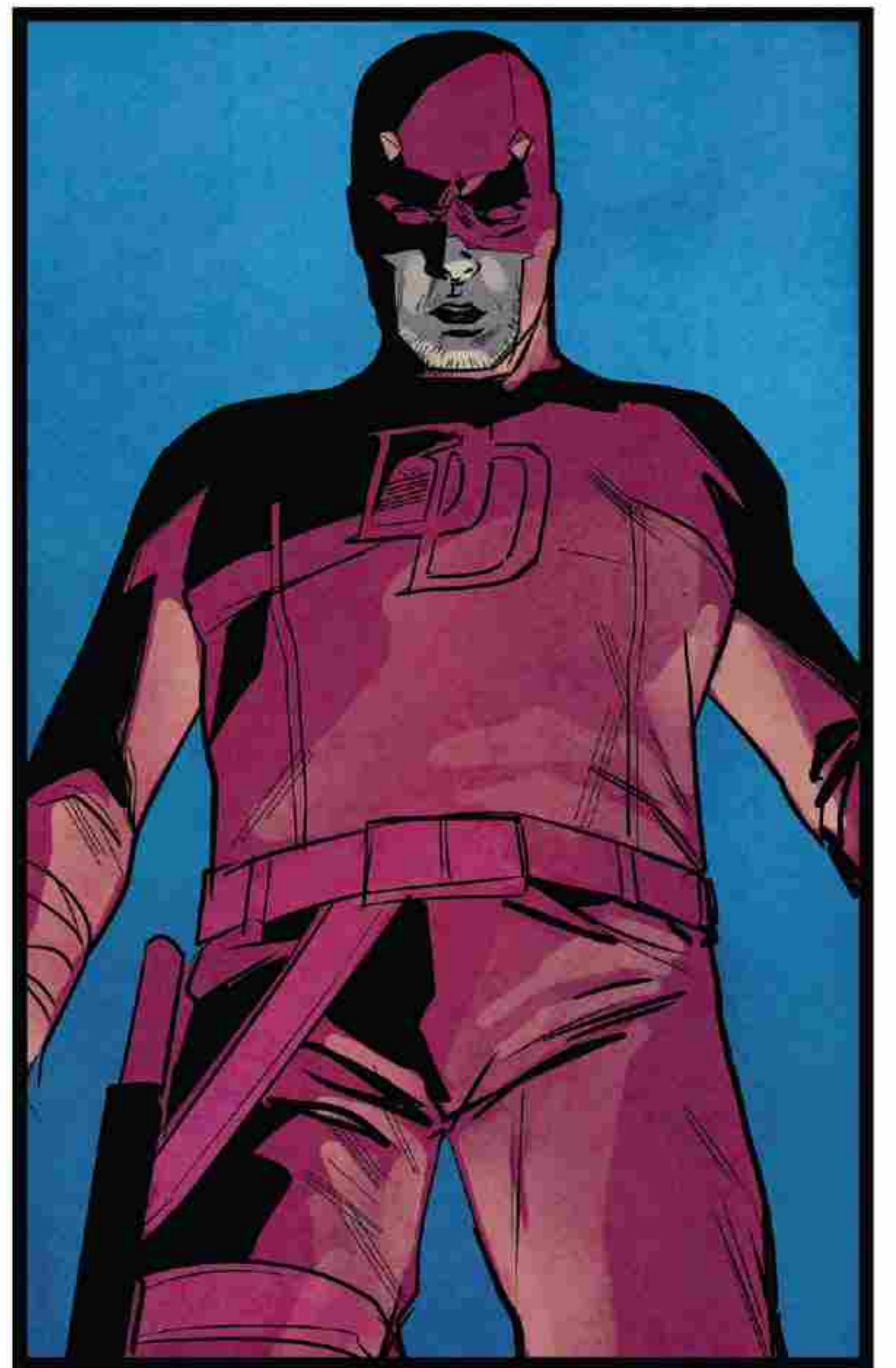












NOV. 11th 1835.  
10:11 PM.

THE CHURCH  
YOU HELPED  
BUILD IS THE KEY  
TO THIS, TOMMY. THE  
LAND BENEATH THE  
FOUNDATION  
IS TAINTED.





YOU CAN BELIEVE ME OR NOT, BUT IF WE DON'T WORK TOGETHER, YOUR PRECIOUS CHURCH WILL BE THE GATE TO THE UNDERWORLD ITSELF.



I N'ER SEEN NOTHIN' ODD WHEN WE WERE BRICKIN' THE BUILDIN'. HOW YER SO SURE ABOUT THIS?



IT'S RUBBISH TALKIN', I SAYS. LET'S STRING 'ER UP AND GET A REWARD!

YA! I BET THA BOUNTY IS A HEAVY SACK O' COINS.

THE RABBITS BE SET FOR LIFE!



KILLING ME ONLY HASTENS YOUR OWN DEATHS.

THE BLIND ONE IS COMING... AND HE'S TAKEN HIS POUNDS OF FLESH.

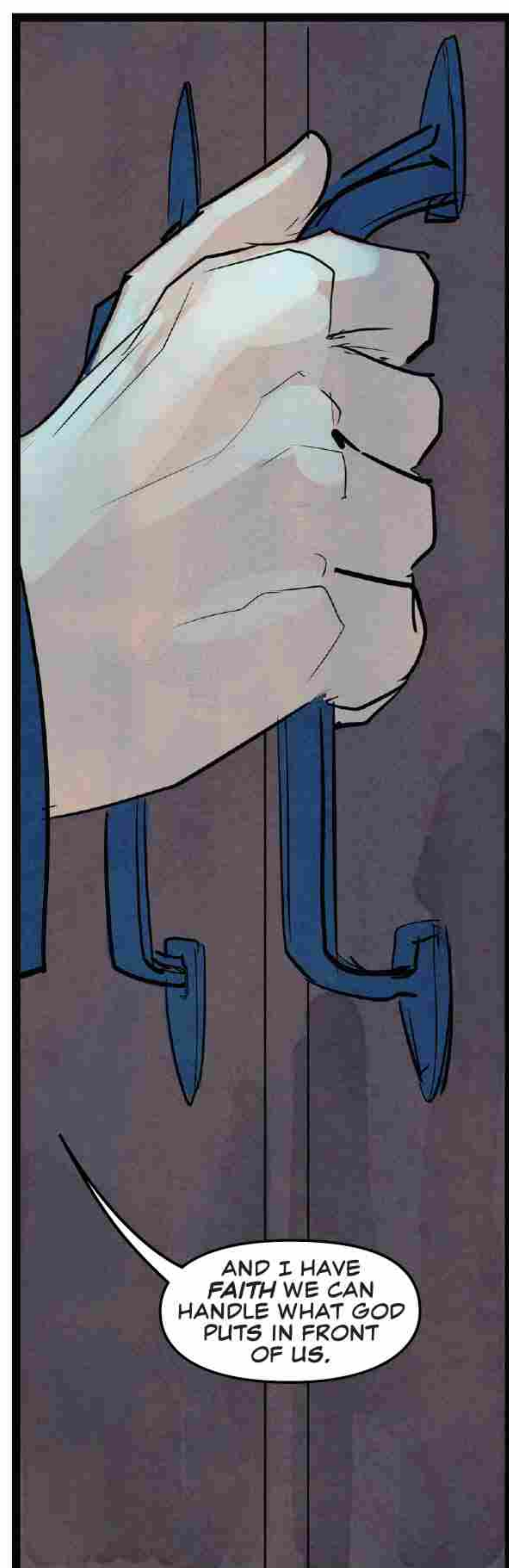
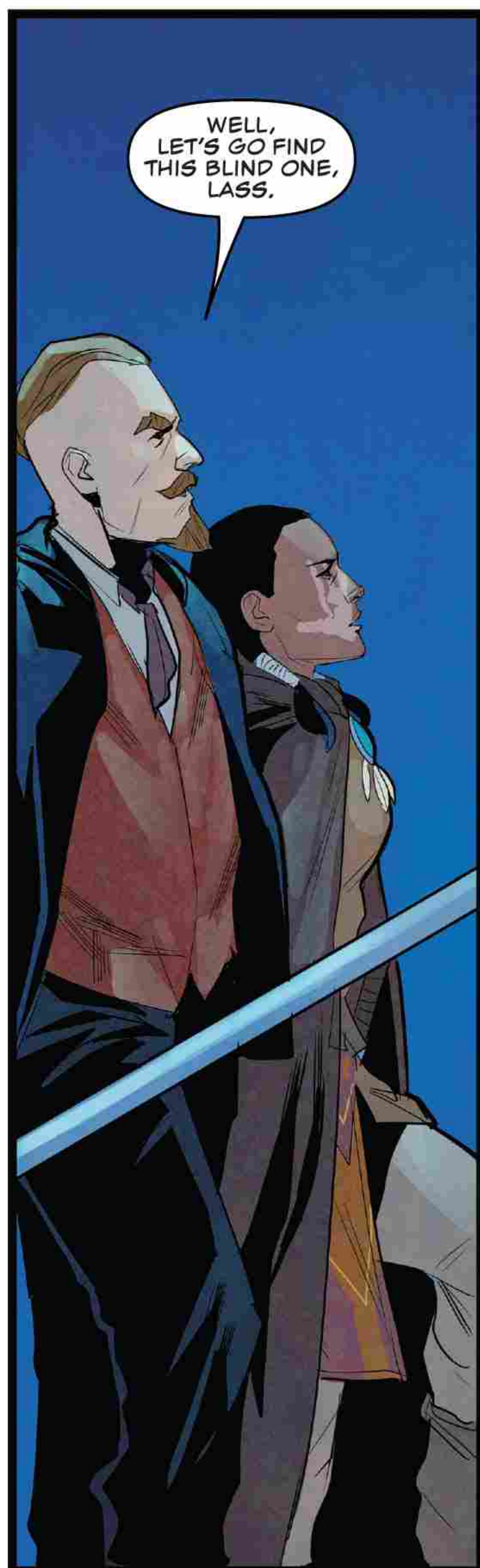
HE ALREADY HAS THE FOUR DIRECTIONS.

THE FIFTH AND FINAL SACRIFICE WILL OPEN THE MEAT GATE'S MOUTH.

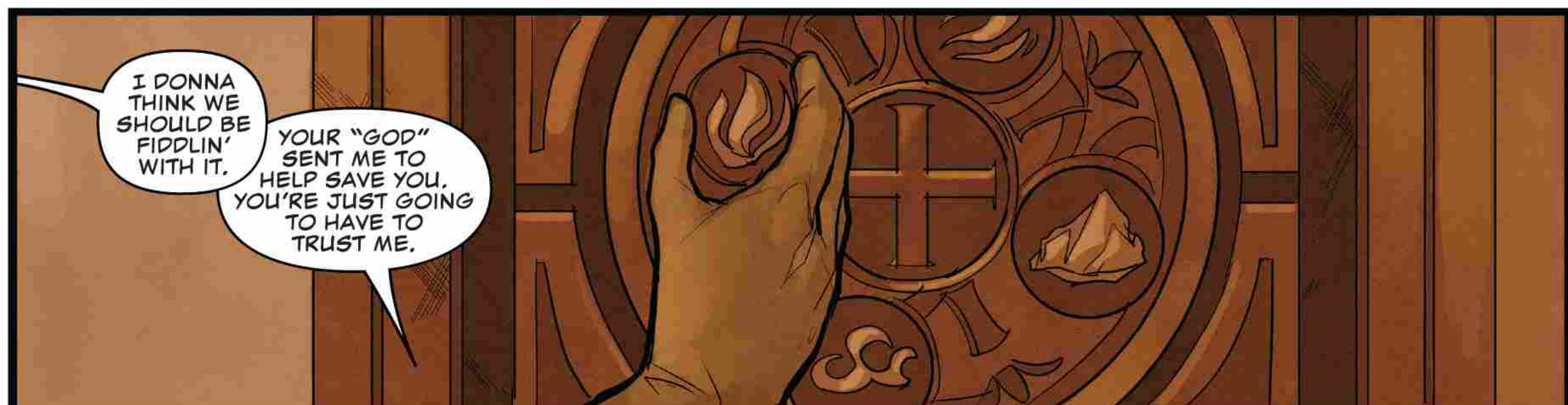


I SAYS WE GO. YOU PULLED ME BACK INTO THIS, CIAN. IF YOU WANNA KEEP ME, YA BEST TRUST ME.

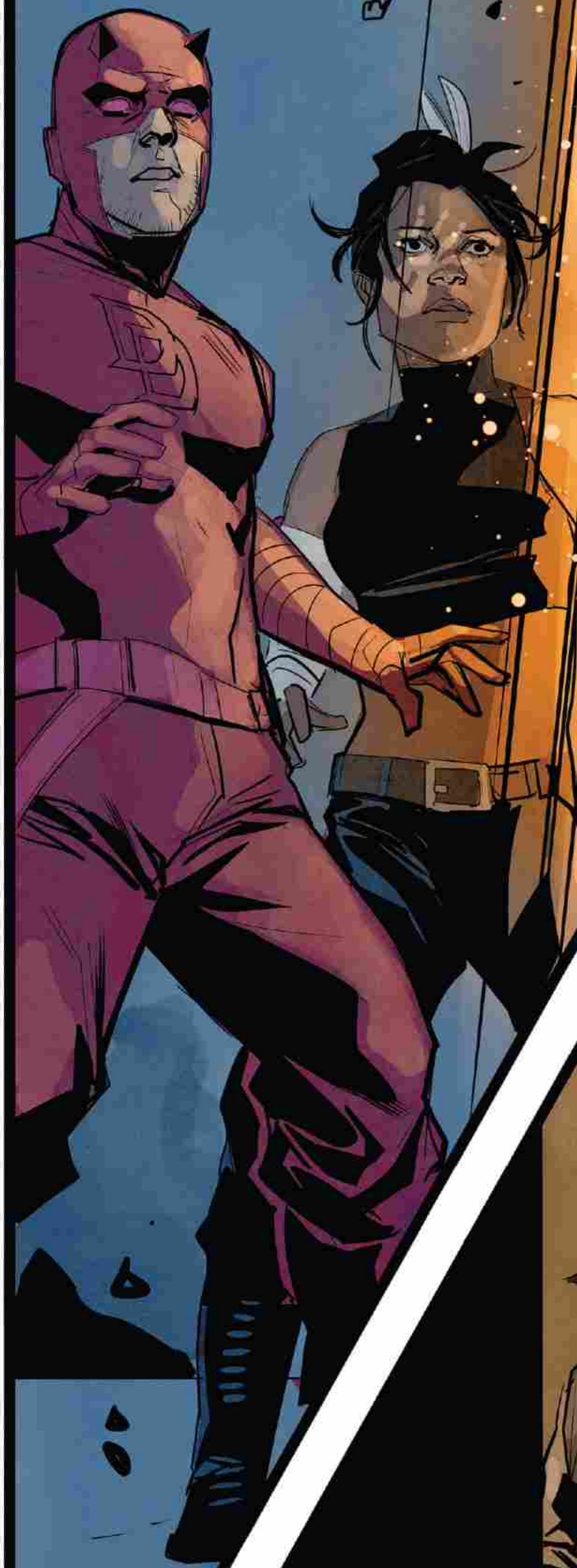
GOD WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS. THIS WEE LASS HERE MAY BE ONE 'A THOSE WAYS.







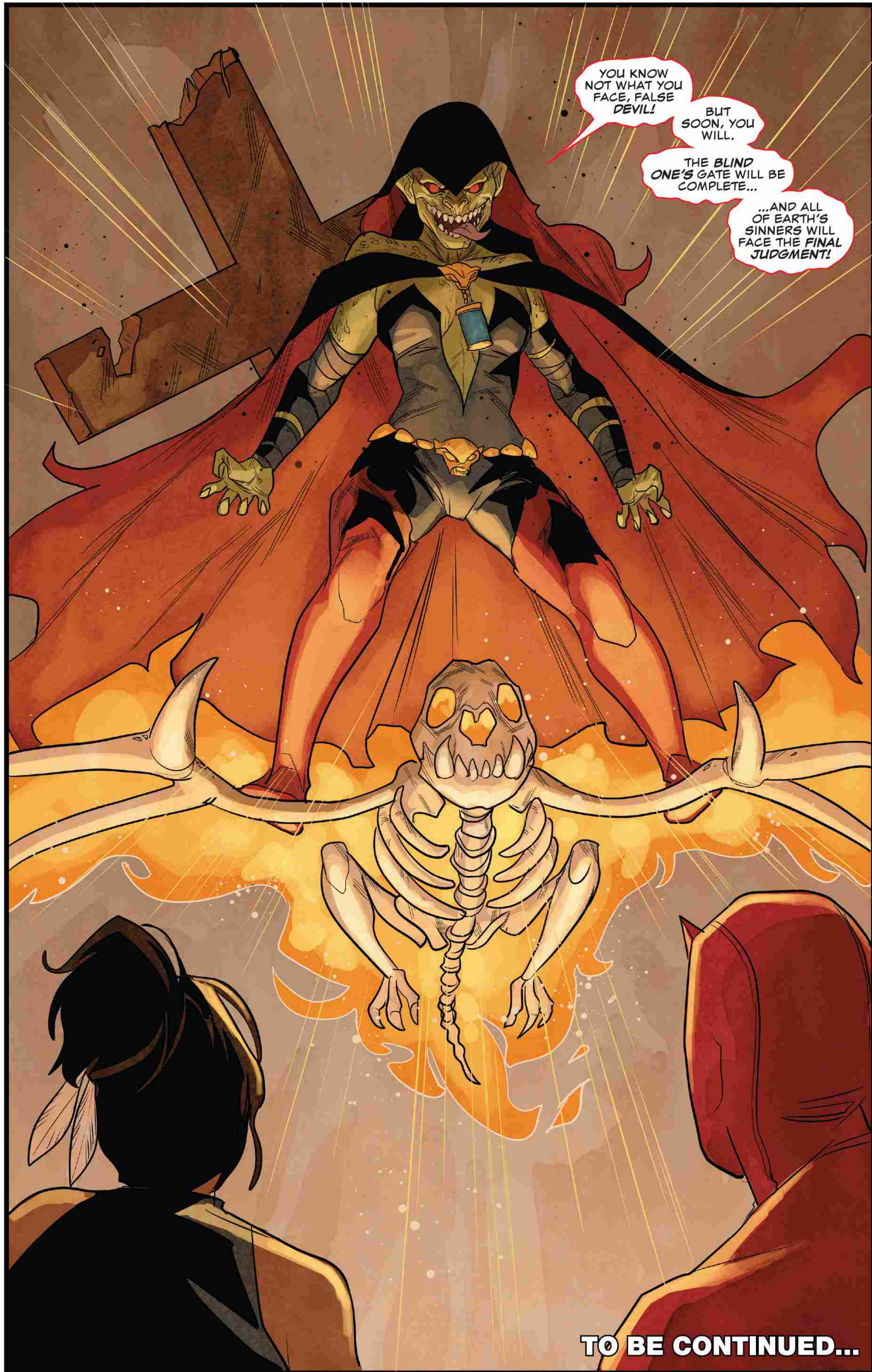
HAHAHA!



THIS IS  
ONLY THE *FIRST*  
STEP INTO THE  
ABYSS.

IF YOU  
CHOOSE TO  
FOLLOW, TOMMY  
MURDOCK, YOU MAY  
NEVER RETURN. THIS  
IS YOUR DESTINY  
IF YOU WISH TO  
ACCEPT.





YOU KNOW  
NOT WHAT YOU  
FACE, FALSE  
DEVIL!

BUT  
SOON, YOU  
WILL.

THE *BLIND*  
ONE'S GATE WILL BE  
COMPLETE...

...AND ALL  
OF EARTH'S  
SINNERS WILL  
FACE THE *FINAL*  
JUDGMENT!

TO BE CONTINUED...

For months, the demonic **Demagoblin** has been kidnapping children, but what do these nefarious schemes have to do with an ancient and unspeakable evil awakening deep within the bowels of Hell's Kitchen...an evil with ties to **Daredevil** and **Echo** that threatens everything they hold dear? A mysterious warrior from the past may have the key to victory--but whose side is she on?!

Email us at [MHEROES@MARVEL.COM](mailto:MHEROES@MARVEL.COM) and mark your messages "okay to print" for a chance to see them answered in future issues!

NEXT  
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